JOSEPH
REVIV'D.

OR,

The Twelve last Chapters of Genesis *Metaphrazed.*

Containing the

LIFE and DEATH
Of Holy

JOSEPH.

By *GEORGE LESLY*, Minister of *Wittering* in *Northamptonshire.*

And we know that all things work together for good to them that Love God, Rom. 8. 28.

LONDON,
Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by *Charles Smith* at the Angel near the Inner Temple gate, *Fleet-street*. 1678.

Imprimatur,

Gul. Jane S.T.B. Reverend. in Christo Patri Dno. *Henrico* Epiſc. Lond. à Sacris Domeſticis.

Jan. 17. 1675.

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Jan. 17. 1675.

To the Right Worſhipful

WILL. WYMONDESOLD,

ESQUIRE,

Mr. EDMUND, Mr. RICHARD, Mr. MATTHEW, and Mr. THOMAS his Brethren; with their truly Vertuous *Mother* and *Siſters*.

Worthy Sirs and Ladies,

EING about to throw my Mite into the Publick Treaſury, to plant a tender VINE *in the Lords* VINE-YARD, *I thought you fitteſt to fence it with Your favourable Aſpects, who are not onely almoſt equal in Number but Vertues, to thoſe Sacred Patriarchs, whoſe Hiſtory I have metaphrazed. The Meeter is like my Self, dull and deſpi-*

cable, but the Matter is of Divine Inspiration, which requires Your acceptance by Heavens Authority, while as the other onely lets the World know, that I am,

YOURS,

Extraordinary obliged,

GEO. LESLY.

Wittering, *Jan.* 7. 1675/6.

TO

TO THE
READER.

IF Heaven be pleas'd to dart his glorious Rayes
Into my Soul, let others take the Bayes,
Who climb *Parnaſſus* and Mount *Helicon*
For airy Notions, while I at the Throne
Of Mercy beg an underſtanding Heart
To meaſure out what *Moſes* did impart
To th' World, concerning *Jacob* and his Seed,
'Mong whom a Dream did great diſſention breed.
Though God inſpir'd the Prophet from above,
And he (poor Heart) revealed all in love,
Whoſe harmleſs Viſion counted was a crime,
And ſo (perhaps) may this my humble Rhime:
Yet if in friendly manner you diſcloſe
My overſights, I'le mend, or write in Proſe.

G. L.

TO THE

READER.

IF Heaven be pleas'd to dart his glorious Rayes
Into my soul, let o[illegible] take the Bayes,
Who climb *Parnassus* and Mount *Helicon*
For any Motions, while I at the Throne
Of Mercy beg an understanding Heart
To measure out what *Moses* did impart
To th' World, concerning *Jacob* and his Seed,
Mong whom a Dream did great distention breed.
Though God inspir'd the Prophet from above,
And he (poor Heart) revealed all in love,
Whose harmless Vision counted was a crime,
And so (perhaps) may this my humble Rhime:
Yet if in friendly manner you disclose
My overseers, I'le mend, or write in Prose.

G. L.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. *GEORGE LESLY*, upon his Poem called *JOSEPH Reviv'd.*

WITH Fiction while the airy Poet doth
Abuſe the Text, thou tell'ſt the naked truth;
Thou ſtuff'ſt thy Verſe with Senſe, and every Rhime
Compleat ſpeaks thee a Poet without crime.

He who in Sacred Phraſe was once forlorn,
And piece-meal ſhown, like to his Garment, torn,
Thou offer'ſt whole; ſnips and ſhred's thy Theam,
Thou draw'ſt his Story up without a Seam.

O happy Art! thrice Joſeph *rides in State,*
In Pharaoh's *Second Char'ot firſt, then date*
His ſecond Trophy with Divine Records,
His Honour laſt commenceth with thy words.

Bid Breth'ren all his Glory 'n Egypt *tell;*
He needs not now, thy Pen hath don't ſo well,
That all the Britiſh Orb *of it may ring,*
And we of thee, while thou of him do'ſt ſing.

Tho. Woolſey D. D.

JOSEPH REVIV'D.

OF *Rachel's* long'd for darling since I sing,
And thy beloved, help me *Jacob's* King.
My Bark is crazie, and my stock is small,
Yet if thou Wind and Sea command, I shall
Safe to the Harbour this my Pinnace bring,
Then of my self and it make offering.
At *Padan-aram* had this worthy breath,
Not long before the beauteous *Rachels* death,
Yet *Hebron* was the place of his abode,
At seventeen years belov'd of man and God:
Where with his Brethren, *Dan* and *Napthali*,
Asher and *Gad*, he on the downs did lie,
Feeding the Flocks with them, their ill report
Grieved the Lad, for which he did resort
Unto his aged Father, and declar'd
Those passages that he had seen and heard.
These actions, Boy, to them will fatal prove,
Though I can never take from thee that love

I unto *Rachel* (while she liv'd) did bear.
For proof whereof this Livery take and wear.
This, with his tydings did exasperate
His Brethrens spirits, so that him they hate,
Which heaven soon perceiveth, and his fame
Raiseth, by dreams to be fulfill'd on them;
The which when he (awake) begins to tell,
Their eyes inflame and hearts with anger swell
Against the harmless Youth, who ne'rtheless
In friendly manner did it thus express:
This night, said he, as we all binding were
Sheaves in the field, mine did it self uprear
In King-like posture, and yours round did stand,
Making obeisance, waiting its command.
To which his Brethren hastily reply'd,
Shalt thou reign o're us? Shall it e're be said
That thou shalt have dominion? No, thy grave
Is just reward, for these thy Dreams to have.
Yet where *Jehovah* works no man can let,
He dreams again of their succeeding fate,
Which he once more doth unto them reveale,
And said, this other I will not conceale.
And thus it was, Behold! the Sun and Moon,
With Stars eleven, to me have homage done.
Of this he did not only certifie
His Brethren, but his Father, who did cry,
Fie Son! what mean these uncouth thoughts? be sure
Such wild presages I shall ne'r endure;

Think'st

Think'ſt thou, that I, my Wife and Children too
Shall crouch and bow, and fall 'fore ſuch as you?
No child, be wiſe, forbear thus to divine,
Leſt all the reſt againſt thee do combine.
This ſtorm is ceaſed, and the young men gone
Their flocks to feed, in *Sechem* every one,
For whoſe long abſence, neither night nor day
Can *Jacob* reſt, till *Joſeph*'s ſent away,
Who ſaid, Go down and ſee if all be right,
I've ſuffered much for my ten Sons this night.
Your will, ſaid he, is unto me a Law,
I'le go to *Sechem*, though I never ſaw
The place: no ſooner doth he undertake
his journey, than the way he doth forſake,
And wanders too and fro in open field,
Till one drew nigh and pitied the child,
Saying, What ſeek'ſt thou Stripling, 'tis my grief
To ſee thee ſtraying here without relief?
My Brethren, Sir, ſaid he, pray tell me whither
They've driven their flocks to feed, I muſt go thither.
Boy, anſwer'd he, I think I heard them ſay,
Riſe up, and let's to *Dothan* ſtreight away:
And there they are, for any thing I know,
The graſs is good, becauſe the ground is low.
My thanks I give you, Sir, and if I find
Them there, I'le ſay you were exceeding kind.
This ſaid, he runneth thither joyfully,
Not dreaming once of any danger nigh.

But 'twas a dream, for he's no ſooner ſpy'd
By his malicious Brethren, than they cry'd,
Behold! our Dreamer comes, prophetick Mome;
Come, let us ſlay him, he ſhall ne'r go home,
And caſt him in ſome Pit, then we will ſay
Some evil Beaſt hath ta'ne his life away.
And then 'tis hop'd that we ſhall quickly ſee
A final end both of his Dreams and he.
But *Reuben* who was judg'd leaſt to reſpect
God or his Father, doth the Lad protect;
Sa'ing, Let's not kill him, for ſome time or other
It will come out, remember he's our Brother;
If his Blood cry, let us not think to thrive:
We'll rather put him in this Pit alive.
This courſe he was the willinger to take,
Becauſe thereby he thought to get him back
Safe to his Father. All this time the Lad
Thought of no ill, nor yet ſuſpicion had,
But ruſh'd among them, raviſhed with joy,
Wiſhing them health; who anſwer, Fooliſh Boy
Haſt not more Dreams to tell? we muſt now ſee
If this fine Coat doth make thee propheſie.
Are we not Brethren? Oh! be not ſo rude,
Said he, I mean to you nothing but good.
No, Stripling no, thy Sighs, thy Pra'rs, thy Tears
With us muſt take no place, thy tender years
Which pity crave, muſt taſte our crueltie;
In this dry Pit thou art deſign'd to lie.

To

To't, fling him down, 'tis Noon we'll take repaſt:
But hold, who's this draws towards us ſo faſt?
Iſhma'lites ſurely, come from *Gilead*
Load'n with Spice, Balm, Myrrhe, Egyptian Trade.
By this time *Judah*'s heart began to melt,
Whoſe words declare that he great trouble felt.
What profit's in our Brothers blood, ſaid he,
Though we conceal't, yet murderers we be.
Give o'r; I've found a way that's better far:
We ſee theſe Camels richly loaden are,
Let's with their Maſters this our Dreamer truck;
And being gone, we'll pray for his good luck.
This, this will clear us from the Calumnie
Of Fratricide that would upon us lie.
Ho, Chapmen tarry, want ye not a Lad
To drive your Horſes and promote your Trade?
Here's one, we'll ſell him cheap. A pretty Youth,
Reply'd the Merchants, he will ſerve us both.
How prize ye him? Speak, if ye mean that we
Should buy him of you, rate him not too high.
At one word, twenty Pieces is our price.
Hold, here's your Money, he is worth it twice:
And ſo we hope he'll give, the Boy likes well.
The Wares are always good that Merchants ſell.
We'll carry him to *Egypt*, for his Age
And Feature fitteth him to be a Page
To ſome great Lady; if that will not do,
My Lord he can ſerve in his Chamber too.

And if the Rules of Phisiognomie
Deceive us not, such Graces hidden lie
Under his flaxen hair, and downie chin,
As hitherto in any scarce hath bin.
Come, let's go hence; I'le now unto the Pit,
Saith *Reu.* to see if *Joseph* be in it,
But missing of him, whom he thought to find,
He instantly returns with heavie mind
Unto his Brethren, crying out, Alas!
The Boy is taken out of yonder place:
Whither shall I go? not home to my dear Father,
Seeing he'll require of me; no, I'le rather
Breath out the rest of my unhappy years
In some dark Cell, and expiate with tears
My double crime. No Brother, cry the rest,
We have a project (if ye think it best)
Will with our Father clear both us and you:
Look, here's his Coat, and there are Goats enough,
Let's with their blood besprinkle it, and then
Go cheerfully to *Hebron* back again,
And ask our Father if this garb he knows,
Since at first view it like to *Joseph*'s shows.
On this they all conclude, and home return
With joyful faces, though they'd cause to mourn;
And with these tydings *Jacob* did salute,
At which surpriz'd, he's suddenly struck mute,
And beats his Brest, his Eyes great floods let out
Of Tears, and said, Poor *Joseph* without doubt

Is

Is torn in pieces by ſome evil Beaſt,
Who firſt devours, and after makes his feaſt.
This ſaid, he rent his clothes, ſack-cloth put on,
And many days mourned for him alone,
Without all comfort, till at laſt his Sons
And Daughters all come unto him at once,
Saying, O Father why doth this your grief
Tranſport you ſo, as not to take relief;
We think you might be joyful, when you ſee
Of your own Loins this goodly companie.
No, ſaid old *Jacob*, though I love you well,
Yet this Lad's death will make me go to Hell
Mourning: poor heart! in him alone I liv'd,
And now being dead, how can I be but griev'd?
Yet all this ſorrow can nothing retard
The ſturdy Pedlars, who by driving hard
Have got to *Egypt*, where by quick retaile
They mean their Spice to vend, and *Joſeph*'s ſale
Expect; both which accordingly fell out,
Buyers (like Bees) to them flock round about;
And *Potiphar* himſelf beholds their Trade,
Where ſuddenly he ſpies the lovely Lad;
Likes, buyes and payes, carries him to his houſe,
That Proverb's falſe, *Mountains bring forth a Mouſe.*
At home when he good notice taken had,
Of all things were performed by the Lad,
And of the Bleſſings he from God receiv'd,
Name and Religion, then of him he crav'd;

Which known, from ſlavery he did ſet him free,
Saying, Of my Houſe thou now ſhalt Ruler be.
The pious Youth no ſooner is preferr'd,
Then th' others Pra'er for thrift is anſwered;
For God did then th' *Egyptians* houſe ſo bleſs,
That all things proſp'red, whether more or leſs.
This made the Captain truſt him with his ſtore
Of all that he had car'd for, nor knew no more
Then what he eat; But, ah! the goodly face
Of *Joſeph* tempted *Jempſar* to embrace
The holy Youth with her ſurrounding Arms,
And glance her am'rous eys, adul'trous Charms.
Theſe made him bluſh with ſhame and fear together,
And anſwer, No, you're Sacred as my Mother.
Doth not my Maſter truſt his State with me?
And hath with-held nothing at all but thee.
This wickedneſs is great, I dare not do't;
Pardon me Miſtreſs, and leave off your ſuit.
Say, if I grant all that which you deſire,
Can you keep off God's Wrath and Huſbands Ire?
Nay, he will be offended, and my Lord
Will never after take an *Hebrews* word.
Yet this enflamed Wanton gives not o'r
To ſpeak him kindly ev'ry day and hour;
Adding forced Careſſes, but in vain,
From day to day, till ſhe had drunk the bane
That either muſt her Luſt or Fury end
Upon her Servant and her Husbands Friend;

Both

Both which are grown to that prodigious height,
That though the Sun ſhines, yet ſhe counts it night,
Saying within her ſelf, he's here I gueſs
Alone i'the houſe about his buſineſs;
This is the laſt exploit I mind to try,
To which the Fool muſt either yeild or die;
And then laid hold upon his Coat and ſwore,
I'le have all I deſire of thee before
Thou go, there's none can ſee or hear the noiſe;
But he as frighted at her luſtful voice,
Flees out and leaves his Garment in her hand.
Where God forbids to fight, he dares not ſtand.
Now Hell and ſhe muſt act another part,
Viz. mourning face put on, diſſembling heart,
The ſugar'd words ſhe uſed but of late
For baits, turns Choller, this to cruel hate;
Calling aloud to all, for Heavens ſake help,
I am abuſed by this *Hebrew* Whelp.
See here the Relicts of his villany:
My cries it made him leave, and from me flee.
And now would God my *Potiphar* were come,
For I ſhall never reſt till he's at home,
And have related unto him what fare
Muſt be expected i'the houſe where *Hebrews* are.
He's at the door, run and let in my Lord.
How now my Girl? What? neither ſmile nor word?
Smile, No: how can I? ſince your very ſlave
Emboldened is, thine, not my Love to crave:

He

He hath attempt'd that Fort was ne'r beſieg'd
By more than thee, to whom I am oblig'd.
Horrid! Nay, 'tis no Jeſt, this Coat but ſee,
And then my wrong revenge, or love not me.
To which the furious Husband anſwer made,
Enough my *Jempſar*, it ſhall ne'r be ſaid
That you (my Love) can any thing demand
That I'le deny, wherefore I pray you ſtand
To ſee the Prologue of his torturing pains,
He ſhall impriſon'd be and bound with chains.
Go, curſed Rogue, I'le never truſt the face
That's beautiful, it's ſeldom lin'd with grace.
This heard, the courteous Lad made humble bow,
Saying, My Lord, I never wronged you;
Time trying all things, you ſhall plainly ſee
The fault was hers, and there was none in me:
Wherefore, I hope, that God whom I do ſerve
Will grant ſuch favour, that I may not ſtarve
In this dark Priſon------
Thy words are bootleſs, Jaylor keep him ſure
While I have ſtudied what he ſhall endure.
Which, when *Jehovah* from's Imperial Throne
Heard, wills a winged Herald to be gone
Down to his Footſtool-Earth, and there to tell
The Turn-key, he muſt uſe the Pris'ner well.
This made our guiltleſs Youth much favour find
With him, that unto others was unkind:
For, what in priſon was among them done,
Joſeph was doer of it; he alone With-

Without controle rul'd all, becauſe the Lord
Him proſper'd, according to the Word.
Yet all this time our *Joſeph* never thought
How he from priſon ſhould at laſt be brought,
Till he that all for good makes work together,
Sent *Pharaoh*'s Butler and his Baker thither
For miſdemeanour, who were put in ward
With *Potiphar* the Captain of the Guard,
Whom *Joſeph* ſerv'd; at laſt each dream'd a dream,
Viz. Butler, Baker on a ſeveral Theam,
Which ſo perplexed both of them next morrow,
That he it ſpied, and ſaid, Sirs, what ſorrow
Tormenteth you, ye lowr and are ſo ſad?
There is ſome cauſe, if your night-ſleep was bad.
Boy, that's not all, but we have dreaming been,
And none can tell us what the ſame doth mean.
Hear me, my Maſters, do not you yet know
That their Interpretations from below
Come not, 'tis only ſuch, events can read
As are with Sp'ritual Mantles overſpread.
Then do but tell me what was each mans Theam,
Not doubting I ſhall quickly read your Dream.
A Vine, ſaid Butler, I ſaw me before,
And in the ſame three Branches and no more,
Which budded, ſhooting forth its Bloſſom-flow'rs,
Whoſe cluſters all brought forth ſuch Grapes as ours;
The Cup of *Pharaoh* being in my hand,
I took, and preſs'd them in at his command;

Who

Who afterward both took and did it drink.
This is the ſum of what I dream'd I think.
Is this the thing you have a mind to know?
Come, rouze your Spirit, it needs not be ſo low;
The Branches three, as many days portend,
Before the end of which the King will ſend
For you, and to your wonted place reſtore,
His Cup to bear, as you was wont before.
When this Prediction is fulfill'd on thee,
Be ſure to put the King in mind of me:
And tell him, though he have Magicians ſtore,
Yet there's an *Hebrew* Lad that knoweth more
Than all of them; and this a mean will be
From Bonds and Priſon for to ſet me free;
For I indeed an *Hebrew* ſtol'n was,
And hither brought, I know not for what cauſe;
Where now again, without a crime I lie
In this dark Cell, and may do till I die.
I like this young man, ſaid the Baker, well,
And will adventure mine alſo to tell.
Three Baskets white I had upon my head,
In which were ſeveral ſorts of meat and Bread
Which I to *Pharaoh* brought; but e'r I came
Birds flockt about my head, and eat the ſame.
This Dream of yours will prove but bad I fear,
And therefore, Sir, I beg you would forbear
To urge from me what it doth ſignifie;
Take this for all, that you muſt quickly die.

I

I fear not that, ſay on, I will approve
Of that my Friend reveals to me in love.
My life I will reſign moſt willingly,
If of my Service *Pharaoh* weary be.
If't muſt be ſo, The Baskets that you wore,
Predict, that e'r three days be o're
You ſhall be hang'd, and Birds your fleſh ſhall eat.
This is the viſion of your baked meat.
Make ſure of Heaven, thy part on Earth is done.
Now by this time roſe third days ſparkling Sun;
Where God ordaining, *Pharaoh* made a Feaſt
Upon his Birth-day, unto all the reſt
Of them that were his Servants; by and by
In frolick humonr he aloud did cry,
Go, bring the Baker and the Butler up,
This man is fitteſt to give me the Cup:
As for the other, his laſt doom ſhall be
To be lift up, and hanged on a Tree.
The honour which the Princes favour lends
May be call'd in, and then in ſhame it ends.
Good turns are ſoon forgot, a Proverb ſure,
For guiltleſs *Joſeph* muſt as yet endure.
Courtiers uſe not always to keep word,
Although they make their Vows unto the Lord,
Whoſe time's the beſt to ſet our Captive free;
Though two full years he muſt in Priſon be,
Till *Pharaoh* dreams that he by Water ſide
Stands, and Seven Fat well-favourd Kine eſpi'd

Come

Come up from thence, as alſo ſeven lean,
And joyn'd to th' other; thoſe when he had ſeen
Stood horror-ſtruck, and what th' event might be,
Wait, 'twas not long before that he did ſee
Thoſe ſcurvey lean-fleſh'd Beaſts the other eat,
And yet ſtill looking poor, and wanting meat.
So *Pharaoh* 'woke, till ſlumber had his eyes
Cloſed, and then the ſecond time he ſpies
Seven Ears of Corn come up both good and rank,
Seven others alſo that were poor and lank;
And as the other Lean, did Fat devour,
Theſe eat the Rank likewiſe that very hour.
This doubled Phantaſme ſo perplex'd the heart
Of *Egypt*'s King, that he muſt both impart
To his Magicians, willing them to ſee
If they could tell what either ſignifie.
We are confounded, cry the *Sophi's*, Lord
Of theſe thy dreams we cannot tell one word.
This unexpected anſwer ſo rouz'd up
The memory of him that bore the Cup,
Who thus expreſt himſelf unto the King;
My Lord, I've ſinned in this very thing:
Pharaoh well knows that he with me was wrath,
And with the Baker alſo ſent me forth
Unto the Priſon, where we both did lie,
Till our ſad Dreams an *Hebrew* did eſpie;
Who told me of it, as it ſince hath prov'd,
Saying, the Butler needs not to be mov'd,

For

For he ſhall be reſtor'd; but Baker he
Shall by the King condemn'd and hanged be.
Theſe tydings pleas'd the King beyond all meaſure,
Who priz'd the meaning of his dreams 'bove treaſure.
Call in the young man, for he's wiſer far
Than all the *Sophies* that in *Egypt* are.
Run quickly unto *Potyphar*, and ſay,
Pharaoh muſt ſee his Priſoner to day.
Where Kings command, the meſſage is obey'd.
The Seer's call'd to come in haſte, who ſaid,
What, is your haſte ſo great? may I not ſtay
Till I be ſhav'd and unto Heaven pray,
And change my Garments alſo, ſince you ſee
I am not fit before your King to be?
He comes--- Sweet Youth, ſaid *Pharaoh*, but declare
What theſe my Dreams mean, and Garland wear.
My Butler tells me, if thou hear the Theam
Thou canſt interpret every anxious Dream.
My Lord, ſaid he, that Grace is not in me,
But God whom I do ſerve can let you ſee
A true interpretation from my Mouth;
Look well upon me, and deſpiſe not youth,
For what my Maker doth to me reveal,
That, and no more will I to *Pharaoh* tell.
Say on, my Lord, what was your dream? Why I,
Said *Pharaoh*, ſtood great *Nilus* River by,
And there, behold, ſeven Fat-wel-favour'd Kine
Feed in a Mead, and ſaid, Theſe Beaſts are mine:

But

But ſuddenly again to me appear'd
Seven other Lean ill-ſhap'd and hanging ear'd,
Such as the Land of *Egypt* never bred;
For on the firſt Sev'n Fat when they had fed,
Their Bellies clung unto their Backs, and were
Ill-favour'd, lean as e'r they were before.
Thus I awoke, but when my drouſie eye
Was clos'd again with ſleep, I did eſpie
Seven Ears of Corn upon one ſtalk that grew
So full and good, as yet I never knew.
After them came up Seven more was thin
And wither'd, as they'd Thunder-blaſted bin,
Which ſuddenly the better did devour.
And I again wak'd, calling o're and o're
On thoſe that ſtudious Magicians were,
The truth of theſe my Dreams for to declare;
But all of them together anſwered,
'Tis God that caus'd your Dreams, he muſt 'em read.
Now, he that would by this thy favour merit,
Eliſha-like muſt have *Elia*'s Spirit.
Say *Hebrew* then, the ſmoothneſs of thy brow
Tells me, this task will be too hard for you.
My youth beſpeaks me ignorant I know,
Great Sir, yet ſince the knowledge from below
Comes not, that muſt your doubled dream unfold,
That which is young by Nature, Grace makes old;
By which, I tell you, that your dreams are one,
And ſignifie, what Heaven will have done.

In

In *Egypt* land the Seven good Ears and Kine
Such years portend, this he bids me divine.
The ill fleshed ones, and blasted Ears of Corn
Foretels a Famine will make *Egypt* mourn
For seven more. See, *Nile* cannot contains
The Waters sent for nourishment of Grains;
And all things else needs moisture for that space,
After which time it will dry up. Alas!
What I must do, I know not, pray be kind,
And as of that, of this, Sir, speak your mind.
You must seek out in all the Land discreet
And wise men, who may strictly oversee't.
Them bid a fifth part of its fruit to gather;
These hard times will require a Nursing Father.
In all thy Cities let it stored be,
That when the Famine comes they may to thee
Repair, and buy it at thy Stewards hand;
Else this great Scarseness will undo the Land.
This thing when *Pharaoh* and his Servants heard,
They thanked *Joseph*, and his God they feard,
Saying, where shall we such another find
In whom the Spirit is, and knows his mind.
And since thy God, ev'n thine hath shew'd thee this,
None either wiser or discreeter is
In all the Kingdom; wherefore thou shalt be
My House and Servants Ruler, God to me:
To shew I am in earnest, take this Ring,
And be hereafter next unto the King:

These clothes put on, and Chains about thy neck,
And let my Subjects pay thee all respect;
Ride in my second Chariot, then to shew
Shall all my Vassals humbly bow the knee.
While I am *Pharaoh*, it shall be a Law,
That all my Kingdom of thee stand in awe.
No foot or hand in it shall moved be,
Till first they have direction from thee.
And since thou can'st reveal my secrets all,
Zaphanath pa'neah I will ever call
Thy name, and thou shalt surely be the Son.
Of *Potipherah*, who is Priest of *On*.

Thus you have seen our *Joseph* in the Den,
Sold and imprison'd and restor'd again:
Now what his future happiness may be,
Launch out again with me, and you shall see
The Scene is alter'd, and his celebrity
Chang'd for the blessing of a vertuous Wife,
Who bore before the Famine unto him
Two hopeful Males, *Manas*, and *Ephraim*.
The first was named so, because he had
Forgot his Fathers house and former Trade:
And when the other God did to him send,
He said, I'le call him *Ephraim*, for an end
Is put to my affliction, and my store
Increased is, and Honour more and more.
The Plentie's ended, and the Famine come:
Said *Pharaoh*, *Joseph*, let us now go home.

The

The truth of all that thou hast said I see,
By th' hungry peoples crying unto me
For maintenance, I know not what to say
To still their clamour, only that they may
Repair to thee for answer, and receive
What thou thinks meet, I know 'tis bread they crave.
The Famine now grown over all the Earth,
And every Creature suffering under dearth,
The Store-houses were opened, and meat
The moneyed *Egyptians* did eat.
Yet though he sold to many of the store
The Famine waxed daily more and more;
Neither did *Egypt* only Victuals want,
But in all other Countryes Food was scant.
Yea, even in *Cana'n*, which was wont to be
For plenteousness the Worlds Granary.
The Famine plac'd it self in every Face,
Which *Jacob* seeing, cryed out, Alas!
What shall we do? we'd better ne'r been born
Then die for hunger; yet I hear there's Corn
In *Egypt*, up then, get you down and try
If of the Ruler you can any buy.
Go thither therefore all of you, save one
Him leave with me, I cannot be alone.
Father, said they, our lives we owe to you,
Can we refuse then what you bid us do?
No, *Benjamin* shall stay till we are come
With all our Asses fully loaden home.

Your bleſſing, Sir, e'r we our Journey take,
We are all ready, only that we lack.
That God's and mine your Journey proſper may,
Till ye return I'le never ceaſe to pray.
Your Money make full weight, entreat the man,
Tell him the Famine's great in *Canaan*;
And that with others you are come to buy
Egyptian Corn, your wants that may ſupply.
Now unto *Zoan Jacob*'s Sons are come,
Saying, is the Lord, the Governor at home?
We come from far, O let's obtain the grace
To ſpeak, and ſhew him our diſaſt'rous caſe.
Lo, I am here, ſaid he, your buſineſs:
At this they bow'd to the Earth and could expreſs
Nothing; his Glory and their preſent grief
Ties up their Tongues, they cannot ask relief.
The Prince again, who all their Faces knew,
Stranged himſelf from them, and angry grew,
Saying, whence come you? ſurely you are Spies;
The countenance often the heart betrayes.
This rough expreſſion ſo encreas'd their fear,
That trembling they reply, No, Sir, this year
Our *Syrian* Land was parch'd and nothing bore,
Meer want made us come unto thee for ſtore.
Go, go, you lye, I know your whiſpering
Perſwadeth me that there is no ſuch thing;
But Villains come the nakedneſs to view
Of this our Land, and then himſelf withdrew.

Nay,

Nay, Good my Lord, ſaid they, our Story hear,
We all Sons unto one, and true men are;
Mark what we ſay, and if we tell you Lyes,
Then, and not elſe conclude that we are Spies.
Tuſh, this is nothing, every man will ſay
As much, if ſo by that he cleared may
Be, but if you give not a better reaſon (ſon
Of your down coming, I will ſwear there's Trea-
Intended. Then we're twelve, reply'd the other,
Brethren, of whom you ſee ten, and another
At home, his Fathers joy, and one is not.
Ha, now, that you be Spies I ſurely wot;
And ſo for all your words, I ſhall you prove,
If you bring not to me your Fathers Love.
Chooſe out among you one, and for him ſend,
Till then our Controverſie cannot end,
Nor you be clear, if you do not, I ſwear
By *Pharaoh*'s Life, that you vile Vagrants are.
Go, bring the Lad, his Face when I do ſee,
I'le ſay all's true that ye have ſaid to me.
Reſolve, this Priſon muſt be your abode
Till all agree, this do, live, I fear God;
If ye be true men, then let one of you
Be bound in Priſon, where you all are now,
And let the reſt take Corn that may ſupply
Your wants at home, leſt they for hunger die
In this great Famine, only bring the Boy:
It's truth, I ſeek to prove, not to deſtroy

Your lives; to which they 'gree, and say t' each other,
We guilty are concerning our dear Brother,
Who to his anguish't Soul so hard'ned were,
That when he pray'd his plaint we would not hear;
For which, in Justice our Almighty God
Doth lay on us this his afflicting Rod.
Then *Reuben* unto them reply'd, and said,
Did I not tell you so, when fast you laid
Your hands upon the Boy, but did no good;
Therefore of us required is his blood.
This they among themselves in Hebrew spake,
Thinking that *Joseph* could no notice take;
For seeing one who (as his part requir'd)
Interpreted what they of him desir'd,
And unto them what his Lords answer was;
They spake their minds aloud about the cause
Of their distresses, which when *Egypt*'s Lord
Had heard, he turn'd from them without a word.
His sympathizing Soul swell'd so high,
That he must either quickly burst or cry.
See, where Gods Spirit dwells no hatred lives,
He turns again, communes, in heart forgives
Their ancient Crime, yet seemingly unkind
He from them *Simeon* takes, and him doth bind,
And then commands his Servants for to fill
Their Sacks with Corn, not leaving off until
They said they had enough; the money he
Bids put into their Sacks mouths most secretly.

Provision

Provision for their way bids also take,
Saying, here's enough, I would not have you lack,
Nor yet diminish ought that ye have bought;
It's pity you should come so far for naught.
Their Asses now when they all loaded had,
From *Egypt* soon they their departure made,
Travelling hard till it was time to bait
Their Asses, and themselves had need to eat
Their Dinner over, Beasts now to be proven'd,
One his Sack opens, and cryes out, I'm cosen'd,
Did you not all see me my money pay,
And yet 'tis here in my Sacks mouth this day?
This quickly made their joyful Faces lowr,
And curse the day and the unhappy hour,
When they their Brother sold. It surely is
For vengence, said they, that our God doth this;
Up, and let's load again, till we our place
In *Canaan* see, and our old Fathers face,
That from his wise and long experience
May gather'd be, what can proceed from hence.
Now they're returned home and do relate
To *Jacob*, how the Steward did them hate,
All which we might well by his carriage gather;
But, Ah! said they, this was not all dear Father,
For he would not convinced be, but we
Must needs be spies, come *Egypt* for to see;
And though we spoke the truth, all this he urg'd
May come from Subtle Rogues, and so be forg'd;

But if you will prove true, said he, leave one
Till ye have brought me *Jacob*'s little Son,
This we were forc'd to do, *Simeon* is there,
And must, till *Ben* our Brother doth repair
Thither with us, when we go next to buy,
Whose sight will work poor *Sim*'s delivery.
And our free Traffick throughout all the Lands;
Of this we have the Rulers Word and Hand.
But pray let's see your Corn if it be right,
Said *Jacob*, sure your Money was full weight.
You shall, Dear Father; bring the Asses nigh,
That we may empty't in the Granary.
Lift up this Sack, 'tis of unusual weight,
Pray God there be not here another slight;
Look, here's my Money, mine, and mine, and mine,
And all of ours, as sure as thou had'st thine.
At this Adventure all of them are sad,
Saying, what shall we do, our case is bad?
But most of all old *Jacob*, whose gray Head
Shakes with a Palsie, and falls down half dead,
Wringing his feeble hands, his sighs declare
What his sad thoughts of this Adventure were.
They'll count you *Thieves*, said he, O how I grieve!
Moreover now, who can my Son relieve?
Of *Joseph* and of *Simeon* I'm bereav'd,
And now poor *Ben.* is also from me crav'd.
But hold, before this his request I'le grant
Simeon I'le lose, and die my self of want.

Not

Not ſo; Dear Father, ſaid the eldeſt Son,
Your will in all things elſe I will have done:
But he muſt go, whom if I bring not back,
Then here I leave two Sons, them you ſhall take
And ſlay: Dear Sir, the charge lay upon me;
A good event, I hope, you'll quickly ſee.
Son, hold thy peace, my darling being dead,
Would you his Brother alſo from me lead?
No, he muſt not go down, for if he do,
My dayes are done, and I muſt leave you too:
That ſorrow my gray hairs will bring to grave,
Leave off this ſuit, and any thing elſe crave
I will it grant------
As greateſt Stocks, that always are impair'd,
Without ſupply, diminiſh, ſo it far'd
With *Jacob* and his Sons, who now begin
To feel their fleſh (for want) waſte, and their skin
A withered complexion put on,
While through the ſame, they might diſcern the bone
The very laſt of their Egyptian ſtore
Eat up, the old man called out once more
Unto his Sons, and ſaid, Go down again
To *Egypt*, and bring *Simeon* with our grain.
Whence *Judah* took occaſion to expreſs
Himſelf at large about the buſineſs
In hand; The man, ſaid he, made proteſtation,
That neither we nor any other Nation
Should any thing receive, or ſee his face,
Unleſs that *Ben.* came down in *Simeon's* place.

If thou wilt ſend our Brother, then we may
Go down and buy more food, elſe ceaſe I pray,
We dare not. Unto which he did reply,
Why was ye ſo unwiſe as to deſcry
My Boy, or give him ſuch a ſtrict account
Of me, and to what number mine did mount?
It was not in our power that to conceal,
Said they, the man was ſtrict and made us deal
Thus plainly; for he ſaid, Have you a Father
Alive or Brother, nay, or Brethren rather?
This made us ſpeak the Truth, but never thought
That he would ſay, let *Benjamin* be brought,
Or that he would have proved ſo unkind
As to take *Simeon* from us, and him bind.
Father, continu'd *Judah*, if with me
You ſend the Lad, we'll go, I'le ſurety be,
And of my hand you ſhall again require
Him, deareſt Father, grant me my deſire;
This will not only prove us to be true,
But purchaſe food, and *Simeon* home to you.
Fear not, good Sir, if I do not reſtore
Him ſafe again, I'le bear the blame therefore
For ever; had we not thus lingered,
We had return'd the ſecond time with Bread.
Well, well my Sons, then if it muſt be ſo,
Said he, my Counſel take before ye go.
Of all our beſt fruits you ſhall quickly gather
Some, and preſent them unto *Egypts* Father.

A little Balm, and Myrrhe, and Honey take,
With Spice and Almonds, Nuts, a Preſent make;
With double money alſo in your hand,
And that you carri'd laſt into the Land
Reſtore, perchance it was an overſight.
Then take my Son your Brother, do what's right,
And let *Jehovah* give you mercy when
You come before the man that doth retain
Your Brother, and let *Benjamin* come back.
At this his Blood boil'd, and theſe words he ſpake;
I ſee there is no probability
But of my Boyes I muſt bereaved be.
However, get you hence, I truſt my God
Will give me ſtrength to bear this heavy load.
This was the Farewell which old *Jacob* took
Of all his Sons when *Cana'n* they forſook,
And unto *Egypt* with the Preſent went,
The double Money which their Father ſent.
Benjamin alſo with the reſt went down
To ſee the Ruler and view *Memphis* Town,
Who are no ſooner 'lighted then deſcry'd
By *Joſeph*, who, when *Benjamin* he ſpy'd,
Call'd unto *Ramſes* haſtily, and ſaid,
Diſpatch with Dinner, is the Cloth yet laid?
Prepare more Victuals than was wont to be,
For theſe 11 men at Noon muſt dine with me.
'Tis done my Lord. Gentlemen, follow me
Into the Hall, the Prince deſires that ye

Such

Such entertainment as the Houſe affords
Receive with welcome, as doth *Egypt's* Lords.
This unexpected carriage ſo amaz'd
The new-made-Gueſts, that each on other gaz'd,
And ſaid, we may now eaſily perceive
The entertainment we are like to have.
This is the Rulers Houſe where now we be,
Death or vile ſlavery is our deſtinie.
That pithie Sentence is not ſeldom true,
Love quickly turns to hate that is but new.
We know the drift, 'tis for our moneys ſake
Was in our Sacks, that he this courſe doth take.
'Tis like the Steward knoweth for what end
We are brought in, try, if he be our Friend
He'll give us ſome accompt; he that's forearm'd,
As Proverb ſaith, is alſo partly warn'd.
Let's commune with him, and excuſe our ſelves
For this our Money, there is no way elſe
That can be taken, this we will relate,
Which done, he'll either ſhew his love or hate.
Sir, at the firſt when we came to buy food,
We paid money for it, that was good.
Full weight it was, but ſhortly after how
It came into our Sacks, we know not now.
Our ignorance we hope will be excus'd:
Here is our Money, we have not refus'd
It to repay, and other Money too
At this time brought to buy more food of you.

Pray

Pray reſt contented and be not afraid,
Said *Ramſes*, ſeeing *Jacob's* God hath laid
Treaſure into your Sacks; what I did crave
I had, and *Simeon* is no more a Slave.
Lo, here is Water, pleaſe you waſh your Feet,
And I my ſelf will give your Aſſes meat.
By this aſſurance they ſo cheared are,
That in his abſence they their Gift prepare
Againſt the Lords incoming, ſeeing they
Should ſee his face, and dine with him that day.
Now the Clock ſtrikes, Servants begin to run
Each to his Office, waiting the return
Of *Zaphnapaa'neah*, who came in and ſtood
Like glorious *Phœbus*, when from under cloud;
Whoſe ſparkling ſplendor dazled the eyes
Of all, but moſt his Brethren, whom he ſpies
With piercing aſpect; this his love exerts
To them, whom conſcious of their own deſerts,
Bow'd to the Earth their Heads, and ſaid, My Lord,
Accept ſuch things as *Cana'n* doth afford.
Who ſmil'd and took the Preſent, ſaying, How
Doth your old Father, and your ſelves all now?
Is he yet living? Doth his Silver Threads
Yet ſhine? They anſwer, Yes, with bowed heads.
At laſt the Ruler ſpieth out his Brother,
Ev'n *Benjamin*, the Son of his own Mother;
And ſaid, My Friends, is this the youngeſt Lad,
When you were here, you ſaid your Father had?

I gueſs it is, his count'nance ſpeaks no leſs.
Thou'rt as my Son, whom God Almighty bleſs.
This he pronounced with ſuch vehemency,
That Tears appear'd in his melting Eye,
Though Pow'r and Policy bid him refrain,
His face is waſh'd, and he returns again,
And bids them ſet on Bread, 'tis quickly done,
For all the reſt together, him alone;
And for the *Egyptians* by themſelves, whoſe meat
Was not the ſame with that which *Joſeph* eat,
Being unto them a great abomination
To feed on ſuch things as the *Hebrew* Nation.
Now all is ready, Chaplain ſay the Grace,
And let each Stranger ſet as is his place:
He that is eldeſt bid him firſt go in,
And let the reſt aſſede, then *Benjamin.*
Judge you if *Joſeph* did not give them cauſe
To think that he once their Domeſtick was,
He can ſo well their Birth and Age diſcern,
They marvel at it, yet doth nothing learn.
Come, Trenchers here: Carver cut up this Diſh,
And reach me hither that ſame boyled Fiſh.
Sir, take this Meſs, and you, and you, and you;
You're welcome all: they thank him with a Bow.
But, Oh! methinks that young man is not ſerv'd,
In a Cooks Shop I would have no man ſtarv'd.
Here, *Ramſes*, reach the laſt man this from me;
This ſeen, the reſt did wonder why't ſhould be:

That of him he ſhould take ſuch ſpecial care,
And furniſh with more than a five-fold ſhare.
As Meat of all ſorts, ſo the Drink was free,
For *Joſeph* ſaid, with you I'le merry be.
The Grace-Cup's over, now let us go on
To ſing of all the Rulers kindneſs ſhown.
Their Sacks he firſt commands to fill, and then
Their money to be put in them again.
Next take my Cup, my Silver Cup, ſaid he,
And in *Ben*'s Sack's mouth let it hidden be,
With his Corn-money when he hath it paid.
All is perform'd, My Lord, as you have ſaid.
The joyful Brethren, e'r it was light day,
That Morning with their Loads are ſent away,
Though they have ſcarcely paſt the City Walls,
When *Hue* and *Cry*'s ſent out; Conſtable calls:
Stand thankleſs Wretches: tell me what's the cauſe
That ye have thus e'r broken Natures Laws,
And all the Rules of Hoſpitalitie.
You ſaid, we're true men, but ye robbers be;
My Lords, both drinking and divining Cup,
(Deny it not) you, you have taken up.
Was this requital for your Noble Feaſt?
Reſtor'd again, may be ye took't in Jeſt:
Nay, but you Jeſt, ſaid they, we hope your Lord
Hath ſent you unto us with no ſuch word;
For though we here be Strangers, yet the chief
At home we are, we need not play the thief.

Did

Did we not with us treble Money bring?
Why then should we have stol'n this petty thing?
If you among us do the Goblet find,
Hang him that took it, and the rest Slaves bind.
You've said enough, yet it must not be so,
But he that took it Servant back shall go,
And you be blameless, for it were too much
That one should die, and th' rest be kept for such
A crime: then to't, said *Reuben*, to the rest,
Pull down your Sacks, and open them in haste.
Let this unthought-of search with me begin,
And so go on to Brother *Benjamin*.
When all of them had narrowly been try'd,
Except the last, then was the Cup descry'd,
Which brought upon them such a sudden fear,
That some their cloths rent, some their hair did rear.
To see these mourning Brethren 'twas great pity,
Loading their Asses, turning to the City.
When *Judah* and his Brethren too were come
To *Joseph's* House, expecting their last doom,
He bow'd and said, What shall we say unto
My Lord? What shall we speak? What shall we do
To prove us guiltless? sure God hath found out
Our hidden fault, for which without all doubt
He doth us punish; wherefore we are thine,
Because the Cup is found with *Benjamin*.
The Fact is too apparent, yet our God
Who searcheth Hearts, knows our intended load

Was Corn, not Plate; but since it must be so,
His will be done, and we no further go.
This when the man had heard, he answer made,
I never yet on any burthens laid
More than I thought was just, then God forbid
That I should any keep, but him who did
Convey away my Cup, 'tis only he
That I adjudge my Servant for to be;
As for the rest, let them go home in peace,
I'le use him well although he live by Grace.
Then *Judah*, with a look that spoke his fears,
Said, Good my Lord, graciously deign your ears
Unto a few things that I must express
About my Brother *Ben.* his business.
Didst thou not strictly of us all enquire
If we had yet a Brother more, or Sire?
We answer'd, Yes: a comely aged man,
Call'd *Israel*, and dwells in *Canaan*, (ther,
Who keeps at home with him our youngest Bro-
His Darling being dead, who was another;
Which two fair *Rachel* to our Father bore.
This makes him love the living Lad the more.
And thee require of us more earnestly
His coming down, that thou might set thine Eye
Upon him; but we all with one accord
Said, this can scarce be granted to my Lord,
For if his Father part with him, we fear
He will not live with us another year.

At this thou (vexed) from us turn'd thy Face,
Say'ng, bring him down, or elſe my wonted Grace
I will withdraw; which, when we did go home,
We told our ancient Father all in ſum,
But had no anſwer, till at laſt he ſaid,
Riſe, get you down to *Egypt* for more aid;
But we remembring this thy threatning word,
Said, none of us dare ſpeak unto the Lord,
Or ſee his Face unleſs our Brother go
To *Egypt* with us. Surely it was ſo.
Which when our Father heard, he ſigh'd and ſaid,
I thought the Corn had been already paid.
Muſt I the pledge of *Rachel*'s love forſake,
Or elſe want Corn which I do ſo much lack?
Certainly this is hard, I am right loath,
Seeing one is not, now to part with both.
Poor *Joſephs* death torments me yet with grief,
Only this Boy, he gives me ſome relief;
If ye then ſeek me of him to deprive
I muſt breath out my laſt, and ye ne'r thrive.
This, Sir, ſaid he, if any truth there be
In man, was ſaid by him, and more to me.
You being Judge, can any thing be worſe
Than for a Child to have the Fathers curſe?
But if I could diſpenſe with that, what can
I ſay to him when come to *Canaan?*
His life being bound with his, of this I'm ſure,
Without the one the other can't endure.

Beſides,

Beſides, to him for this I ſurety came,
Saying, if he come not, let me bear the blame
For ever. Now let me the favour find
To ſtay in place of him; pray, Sir, be kind,
And ſend the Boy unto his Father back
With joy, that he in him may pleaſure take.
Great Sir, if you old Age admire, relief
Grant, be not Author of our Fathers grief.
This dext'rous Plea with *Joſeph* took ſuch place,
As it was ſoon known by his changed Face,
Whoſe frowns do vaniſh, and his threats are gone;
Love makes him cry, Go out, leave me alone.
He who of late ſpake rough and threatned all,
Now weepeth loud, and on their necks doth fall.
What means our Ruler? Is not this a wonder,
That he who to th' Egyptians ſpeaks like Thunder,
Should be ſo much tranſported as to cry,
And none but theſe eleven Strangers by!
Dear Hearts, I'm *Joſeph*, doth my Father live?
Said he; to which they could no anſwer give:
His unexpected Greatneſs and their fault
Daunts them as vanquiſh't ſould'ers new aſſault,
Till he cryes Quarter, and bids ſhake off fear,
Saying, I am *Joſeph* whom ye ſold, and here
Was brought by Merchants; Come, be not afraid,
It was not you, but God that for your aid
Had order'd all things, and for preſervation
Of life hath given unworthy me this Station.

Two years already hath the Famine been
In *Egypt* Land, and five yet is not ſeen,
In which 'twill be in vain to plow the Land,
Becauſe the Mower ſhall not fill his hand;
Wherefore your God and mine ſent me before,
That I for you and for your houſes ſtore
Should make proviſion; he whom I do ſerve
Me hither ſent that I might life preſerve,
And thought me fitteſt all the Corn to gather
That was in *Egypt*, and be *Pharaohs* Father.
Haſte then, go up to the Old Man and ſay,
Thus ſaith thy Son that was not, I this day
Am Lord of *Egypt*, ſo made by my God,
Who wills that thou come down and make abode
With me, and *Goſhen* for thy dwelling place
Accept, it's near, there thou mayſt ſee my face.
Thy Children, Flocks, and all ſhall nouriſht be;
Nothing that's thine ſhall taſte of poverty
In theſe five years of Famine. Caſt your eye
And view my Limbs and Features, it is I;
And let my Brother *Benjamin* the Youth
Look well upon me; Is it not my mouth
That ſpeaketh theſe things? pray alſo declare
Unto my Father what my Glories are
In *Egypt*, and perſwade him to make haſte
To come, and quickly of my Favours taſte.
Then turn'd he unto *Benjamin*, and ſaid,
Joy of my Heart, how well am I now paid

For all my wiſhes and my pray'rs for thee!
Who am admitted once again to ſee
My fathers image and my mothers face
In thine, dear Brother; God give thee his grace.
This ſaid, in token of his true reſpect,
He weeps and kiſſes, falls upon his neck;
And he again, as far as modeſty
Permitted, wept and kiſt moſt ardently.
Which though in ſecret done cannot be hid;
The Court takes notice what the Ruler did:
And that his Brethren come they *Pharaoh* tell,
Who ſaid, I'm glad. Servants, they like it well.
Come in, ſaid *Pharaoh*, *Zaph*; I mean to ſee,
Whether thy father *Jacob* be like thee.
Send for him into *Egypt*, where his ſtore
Shall be ſo much, that he ſhall wiſh no more.
This is my will, I hope you'l not neglect
To pay your father all the true reſpect
You owe: and for their better 'commodation
Chuſe out of Waggons beſt in all the nation
For them; the little ones, and all their ſtores,
Being perſuaded that the land is yours.
As one who's willing to obey his Lord,
And ſerve his Father, *Joſeph* doth accord.
Horſes and Chariots quickly are prepar'd
By him, who for proviſion nothing ſpar'd.
For each of ten had from him change of cloaths,
But to his brother *Ben.* gave five of thoſe.

Three hundred pieces as a token he
Unto him gave 'bove what his coſt ſhould be:
His Fathers Preſent it is greater far,
For unto him ten Aſſes loaded are
With fineſt Gold, that might ſupply his need,
And other ten loaden with Corn and Bread,
That might ſuſtain his Father in the way;
All which he doth with ſmall or no delay:
And then commands that they ſhould thence depart,
With ſeeming joy, yet grieved at the heart,
Leſt they his Brother *Benjamin* moleſt,
At parting from them, thus himſelf expreſt;
Brethren, I hope ye will all cordial be,
Till ye to *Jacob* bring good news of me,
Telling him I do live and wiſh him health,
And hope that he will ſee me and my wealth.
This do, and ſo I hope God will you bring
Unto the old man, who is languiſhing
For your long ſtay. Theſe are the whole commands
Wherewith I wiſh you kiſs my Fathers hands.
At home with bowed knees they all ſalute
Their aged Father, who for Joy ſtood mute,
When he had heard that *Joſeph* was alive,
Ruler in *Egypt*, and therein did thrive;
For ſometimes he believed, and ſometimes not,
Becauſe they'd told him that the Lad was not.
But to confirm the truth they all declare
What with the Ruler their adventures were,

And how he ſerv'd them e'r he let them know
Whoſe Son he was, or what he did them ow;
And alſo ſhow him all the Waggons trim
That ſhould to's Son in *Egypt* carry him.
Theſe ſeen, his fainting Spirit did revive,
Say'ng, Well, it is enough if *Joſeph* be alive.
Help Lord, for now my Son I muſt go ſee
In *Egypt* land; this done, then let me die.
No ſooner had the next *Aurora* bright
With bluſhing Skies ſucceeded gloomy Night,
Then Father *Iſrael* to his Char'ot hies,
And reſts not till *Beerſheba* he deſcries,
Where reſting, he commandeth to erect
An Altar, whence he might his Pra'rs direct
And Sacrifices to the God of Heav'n,
Becauſe his odd Sons were again made ev'n.
That he a proſperous ſucceſs might have,
Of *Iſaac*'s God he doth protection crave
In's Journey, and for length of days implores,
Till he had ſeen young *Joſeph* and his Stores.
He had not fully ended his devotion,
When Suns departure, and the Starry motion
Invited him to leave and to take reſt.
No, no, ſaith *Jacob*, there is no ſuch haſte,
I once again will of my God enquire,
If he my going *Egypt*-ward deſire;
If he be willing, I will not be ſlack,
But if he be not, then I will turn back.

This ſaid, from Heav'n he heard a ſudden voice
Say'ng, *Jacob*, *Jacob*, fear not, but rejoyce;
Since I have been thy fathers and thy God,
Well be, go there, and ſettle thy abode,
The truth to ſhew of this my promiſe made,
I'le make thy ſeed as ſand on Sea-ſhore laid.
This mighty Nation ſhall victorious be,
After four hundred years, when my decree
Shall be fulfill'd: then fear not down to go,
I'le guide thee there, and bring thee up alſo.
No comfort will I from thee keep, thou ſees
Thy ſon who was not, he ſhall cloſe thine eyes.
Good *Jacob* raviſh'd with thoſe hea'vnly news
Roſe up in haſte, and to his ſons all ſhews,
And then commands, with ſpeed that they prepare
All things which needful for ther journy were.
The Coaches ready, ſome their father heave,
Some ſtand within him ready to receive;
Their wifes and children have their proper place
Into the ſame: and Coachmen drive apace.
Their cattel alſo, which were numerous,
Gold, Silver, Jewels, Treaſures ponderous
Purchas'd in *Canaan*, theſe they did tranſport
To *Egypt*, whither then they did reſort.
Thus *Jacob* leaves *Canaan*, and his ſeed
Do follow him, becauſe they wanted bread:
His Sons, his Daughters, and his Nephews all,
Are now deſcended at the Dreamers call:

Whoſe

Whoſe exact number then was but three ſcore
And ten, of which three had been there before,
Joſeph the father, and his children two,
Manaſs. and *Ephra'm*, then he had no mo.
When they th'*Egyptian* borders did deſcry,
Jacob to's fourth ſon *Judah* loud did cry,
Go down to *Joſeph*, bid him tell me where
He will me place, I am a ſtranger there:
Tell him at *Goſhen* I will tarry while
He come or ſend, and ſhew me what's his will:
And howſoever he diſpoſe of me,
His word or work to me a law ſhall be.
As ſoon as *Judah* did his brother greet
With theſe glad tidings, he prepares to meet
His aged father, and before him ſtands,
Bows, begs his bleſſing with uplifted hands.
And he again (for joy his ſon to ſee)
Falls on his neck, kiſſing it ardently,
Weeps and embraces; ſo that all admire
The ſtrong affections of his aged Sire,
Who cry'd aloud, O *Joſeph*, *Jeſeph*, now,
My darling *Joſeph*, I am ſure that thou
Doſt live; then this I of my God will crave,
That he my ſpirit may in haſte receive,
Since I am wholly eaſed of the wo
Hath me perplex'd theſe twenty years and two.
Then *Joſeph*, who had all this time been ſtopt
By tears, which from his Princely eyes had dropt,

Said,

Said, Father, welcom. Now I muſt go home
And tell the King that all of you are come,
Who (I am ſure) at this will much rejoyce,
And give command that I of you diſpoſe
Where beſt convenience may for you be had;
For this to me he hath already ſaid.
And I will tell (if he to know deſire)
That you are Shepherds, and you aim no higher.
When therefore he ſhall ask of you this thing,
You ſhall confirm my words by anſwering,
We and our Father Keepérs are of Sheep;
Which he'll no ſooner hear then's promiſe keep,
And give you *Goſhen*, where you ſafely ſhall
Your tender Flocks graſe, and your Cattel all;
Your dwellings alſo he will ſet apart:
For Shepherds grieve *Egyptians* at the heart.
Now *Joſeph* leaves his Father in that place,
Returns and ſpeaks with *Pharaoh* Face to Face,
Saying, my Father and his Family
Are (with their Subſtance) come to viſit thee.
Joſeph, ſaid *Pharaoh*, of this take my hand,
I'm glad to ſee thy Father in my Land.
Call ſome of them, and let them ſee my Face,
Aſſure thy ſelf they ſhall with me find grace.
I will, ſaid *Joſeph*, then he quickly takes
Five of his Brethren, and a Preſent makes
To *Pharaoh*, who did inſtantly enquire
What is your Trade, or what will you deſire?

We're

We're Shepherds and Sojourners in this Land,
Whoſe greateſt errand is to kiſs thy hand;
The next to ſee our Brother, and have place
Our Flocks to feed; in *Canaan* there's no graſs:
The piercing Drought ſo ſcorched hath the land,
That there is nothing to be ſeen but Sand:
If therefore we ſhall of thee favour find,
Grant's *Goſhen* Paſtures, and for this we'll bind
Our ſelves to be thy Subjects, and our Seed
Of thee and thine ſhall ſtand in Kingly dread.
Then *Pharaoh* unto *Joſeph* did reply;
Since they'r come down, what will I them deny?
My Crown but ſpare, and ask what e'r they pleaſe;
I'le give all things conducing to their eaſe.
My Land's before them: as for their requeſt,
In *Goſhen* for them Dwellings make in haſte.
And for a greater proof of love to thee,
Chooſe out among them ſome will active be,
And put my Cattel all into their hands;
Their hire from me let it be Gold and Lands.
But pray thee *Joſeph*, where's thy aged Sire,
His face to ſee I have a great deſire.
Greateſt of Kings you ſhall, lo, here he is.
This ſaid, old *Iſrael* doth great *Pharaoh* bleſs,
Saying, my Lord the King of Kings protect
Your Sacred Perſon; and ſince you reſpect
Me and my Sons, I'le never ceaſe to pray
For you with hands to Heav'n lift night and day.

My

My thanks, said *Pharaoh*, now I must be bold
To ask one question, I would know how old
Thou art? Good *Jacob* soon this answer made;
An hundred thirty summers I have had;
As many winters have I also been
In pilgrimage, unsettled I mean:
Yet few and evil, if you'l deign to look
Upon a Line in this my Table-book,
Where is inserted faithful *Abrahams* age,
An hundred and seventy five his stage
Completes, my father *Isaac* liv'd five more;
Though all this time their grievances were sore.
This said, the old man looking round about,
Blesseth the King, takes leave, and walketh out.
Now come (said he) Son, since you know I have
Your Kings good will, a fitting place I crave,
Where I and all my Children safe may be
From all Sedition and Conspiracy.
Then *Joseph* beckn'd to his Sire, and said,
Rameses is the best that can be had;
There take possession, this my Lord commands.
These are your Writings signed with our hands.
The famine's great, yet *Joseph* wills that he
Since come to *Egypt* have no scarcity
Of bread, tho' in *Canaan*'d *Egypt* there was want,
In so much that the most began to faint
For hunger, but that *Egypts* Nursing Father
Its currant money into stores did gather.

And

And such as from *Canaan* was brought to buy
Corn, he doth put into th' Treasury.
Now *Egypts* money doth begin to waste,
Which made the Natives run to him in haste,
And say, Sir, you must grant us fresh supply
Of bread and corn, or else for want we die.
There's none but you can grant us any aid.
Who answered, You've got as much as paid:
But this my counsel is, which if you take,
To bring your cattel you will not be slack,
And them for corn and bread exchange with me.
What profit they if you of famine die?
The hunger-starv'd *Egyptians* at this
Do much rejoyce, yea and with blessing bless
The Ruler, and with chearful hearts do bring
Their Horses, Cattel, Flocks, and every thing,
Except their Land, all's laid at *Josephs* feet,
Who willingly receiv'd, and gave them meat.
Poor creatures, they had good cause to fear,
For this provision ended with that year,
Was but the sixth since that great want began,
When it was ended they to *Joseph* ran
Again for more, lay'ng out their wretched case,
And saying to him, We must die alass!
Our Money gone, our Cattel you did crave,
We brought them, now our Land is all we have;
Come buy this also: let's not starved be,
And we our selves will serve our King and thee.

Let

Let us have Seed that we again may try
Whether our Land as yet will fructifie.
At this his tender heart is fill'd with grief,
And eyes with tears, which way for their relief
Procures, for he to *Pharaoh* makes it o're,
Making him Landlord who was King before.
Their ancient Livings he bids them forsake,
And for the future other Dwellings take,
For which they should to *Pharaoh Egypts* King,
As to the owner yearly Rent in bring.
But to the Priests there was more kindness show'n,
Who parted with no Land that was their own;
For they on that which was to them allow'd,
Liv'd all that while as when the Land was plow'd.
Then *Joseph* said, Behold! I have you buught,
Your Land and all; I'm sure there is not ought
Which is not *Pharaohs*, wherefore take you Seed
And sow in haste, I know you will not need
To fear the Famine, this is the last year
Of *Egypt*'s drought, you know hath cost you dear;
Its former increase you again shall have,
Of which a Fifth Part I will yearly crave
For *Pharaoh*'s use, the Four that is behind
Dispose of that according to your mind,
For Seed, for Food, for you and for your Store;
Fear not, it will be fruitful as before.
With bowed heads and chearful countenance
They thus reply, Since we our sustenance

These barren years had from our Lord and thee
Be gracious to us, we your Servants be.
It is enough we live to serve our King,
What he commands, that will we to him bring.
Only the Priests did this great Tax escape,
For all they sow'd, all to themselves they reap.
Behold, the kindness of an Heathen King,
To those who did but hellish Sophismes sing.
Yet all this while *Joseph* hath not forgot
To settle on *Jacob* the most happy Lot
In all the Land of *Goshen*, where he might
Dwell happily, and have thereof full right.
Now that Gods Promise might fulfilled be,
He multiplies and grows exceedingly.
When he in *Egypt* 17 years had been
Most prosperous, and his Sons glory seen
Of Age a 147, then he
Prepares himself Deaths Captive for to be;
For calling *Joseph*'s Father and his Child,
And looking with a countenance most mild,
Dear Son, said he, Age makes me now believe
That I must *Egypt* and my Children leave.
This heard, the Ruler's heart is fill'd with grief,
And Eyes with tears. No Son there's no relief,
Said *Jacob*, Seventeen years I've liv'd in thee,
Now 'tis enough, my God I must go see.
Yet while I live one thing I must implore,
Grant it my Child, as thou hast done much more;

Which

Which is, when dead, that then in *Canaan* I
May buried be, and with my Fathers lie.
This granted, he commands him for to ſwear
That he his Corps to *Macpelah* will bear;
And then in token of his thankfulneſs
He leans on's Bed, and doth his Maker bleſs.
Sad tidings ſoon ſounds in the Rulers ear
After's departure, that his Father dear
Was ill at eaſe, and willed him in haſte
To pay'm a Viſit e'r his life was paſt:
Who willed quickly that his Children two
Should ready be, for they muſt with him go
To ſee their Grandſire, it is his command;
Obeying, they in travelling poſture ſtand:
Scarce had they entered into the Town
When one to *Jacob* haſtily runs down,
And tells him that his Sons and his two O'es
Were come to ſee his end, and to diſpoſe
Of him: this heard, he once again revives,
And to ſet up upon his bed he ſtrives;
Saying to *Joſeph*, God appear'd to me,
When I from *Eſau*'s fury down did flee
To *Padan Aram*, and at *Luz* me gave
The Promiſe that I ſhould *Canaan* have,
And bleſſed me, ſaying, that of my Bloud
Should there be born ev'n a huge multitude,
It to poſſeſs until Times fulneſs ſhall
Come, when they for their Sins ſhall from it fall.

Then

Then ſince I'm ſure that all the Land is mine,
I'le give a ſhare unto theſe two of thine,
Were born in *Egypt* e'r I hither came,
As *Reuben*, *Simeon*, theſe ſhall bear my name;
But all the reſt are ſince by thee begot,
They ſhall be thine, and have of thee their Lot
Among their Brethren, yet they muſt not be
Call'd *Heads* or *Tribes* of their poſterity.
But whoſe are theſe two Youths that ſtand me by?
If they be thine, then let them both draw nigh
That I may bleſs them, being glad to ſee
Thy ſelf once more, and thy poſterity.
Now having kiſs'd them, he ſaid, Once I thought
We're to have ſeen thee, nor be hither brought;
But bleſſed be that God who ſpared me
Joſeph, *Manaſſ.* and *Ephra'm* for to ſee.
This done, he takes them from between his Feet,
Making them ſtand before him as was meet:
Manaſſ. on's left, and *Ephra'm* on's right ſtand,
That on them both at once he might lay hand;
But he inſpir'd of God looks not to years,
Nor yet for Doteage the firſt-born forbears:
For on the younger he layes on his right,
In him it ſeems God had the moſt delight,
Finding to make him Head of all the Tribe,
Without reſpect of perſon, age, or bribe.
Then to his Son he ſaid, now I will crave
That you all Bleſſings of that God may have,

Which is, when dead, that then in *Canaan* I
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Come, when they for their Sins ſhall from it fall.

Then

Then since I'm sure that all the Land is mine,
I'le give a share unto these two of thine,
Were born in *Egypt* e'r I hither came,
As *Reuben*, *Simeon*, these shall bear my name;
But all the rest are since by thee begot,
They shall be thine, and have of thee their Lot
Among their Brethren, yet they must not be
Call'd *Heads* or *Tribes* of their posterity.
But whose are these two Youths that stand me by?
If they be thine, then let them both draw nigh
That I may bless them, being glad to see
Thy self once more, and thy posterity.
Now having kiss'd them, he said, Once I thought
Ne're to have seen thee, nor be hither brought;
But blessed be that God who spared me
Joseph, *Manass.* and *Ephra'm* for to see.
This done, he takes them from between his Feet,
Making them stand before him as was meet:
Manass. on's left, and *Ephra'm* on's right stand,
That on them both at once he might lay hand;
But he inspir'd of God looks not to years,
Nor yet for Doteage the first-born forbears:
For on the younger he layes on his right,
In him it seems God had the most delight,
Minding to make him Head of all the Tribe,
Without respect of person, age, or bribe.
Then to his Son he said, now I will crave
That you all Blessings of that God may have,

With whom my Sire and Grandsire both did walk,
And with him often face to face did talk,
Who from *Canaan* led me out this way,
And hath me fed at all times as this day.
The Angel Great, which doth my Soul redeem,
Bless both the Lads, and have them in esteem:
And let them have mine and my fathers name;
Make thou them great, do thou enlarge their fame,
Encrease their seed for number as the sand
On the Sea-shore in their Grandfathers Land.
But *Joseph* wroth to see the form invert,
Says to his father grieved at the heart,
Not so (dear Sir,) this is the eldest boy;
Put here your right, he is the onely joy
Of me his father. No, saith *Jacob*, no;
Though what you say be true I rightwell know;
Yet fear not, for he shall be very great,
But this much more, neither by strength nor fate,
But by that power that laid the Earths foundations
He shall become a multitude of Nations.
Such blessings that day he to *Joseph* gave,
As greater after *Israel* should not crave.
If any can but *Ephra'ms* bliss obtain,
It will be ever counted greatest gain.
Then *Jacob* said, Behold, I die; but God
Shall visit you, and while you have abode
In *Egypt*, he will ever be a Watch,
Lest by these Heathens any harm ye catch,

And

And bring you up into your fathers land;
He, he will do it by's Almighty hand.
Moreover thou from me haſt got a portion,
Which I ne'r purchas'd by craft or extortion
From th'*Amorites*, but by my ſword and bow;
This on thy ſelf and thine I do beſtow.
Now *Jacob* finding 's laſt glaſs almoſt out,
Calls for his ſons, who compaſs him about,
Liſtning for what he thither did them call;
Who ſaid, Sons, hear what will to you befall
In the laſt days, when your old father's gone,
Strengthen your ſelves, your trouble comes anon.
Reuben my eldeſt, pray do thou draw near
To me thy Parent, and thy verdict hear:
In dignity thou didſt excell and power
Thy brethren all, untill that fatal hour
When to thy fathers bed thou didſt advance;
This made me rob thee of th'Inheritance.
Becauſe as water thou unſtable waſt,
Thy Eminence and Dignity is paſt.
This ſaid, from him he turns his face about
To *Sim.* and *Levi*, whoſe ſentence goeth out:
You brethren are by conſanguinity,
And no leſs ally'd in your cruelty.
Your habitations they are full of bloud,
And might you grieve if rightly underſtood;
For in your anger you the *Sech'mites* ſlew,
Robbing the Town of riches not a few;

The City also raz'd unto the ground;
Such horrid Facts, I think, hath not been found.
Curs'd be your anger, I will you divide
'Mong other Tribes as strangers to abide.
As for thee, *Judah*, thou shalt praised be
By all thy Brethren and Posteritie;
Thy Foes thou shalt subdue, and they adore
Shall thee with princely Homage, nay, and more,
As Lion fierce is terrible, so thou
Shalt be to all, and all thou shalt subdue.
Yea, for a greater Blessing thou shalt hold
Thy kingly Scepter till Predictions old
Shall come to pass, and the *Messias* shall
Come from thy Loyns, and rid men out of thrall;
And all thy Land be fill'd with best of Wine,
Thy Grapes shall yeild great store of Liquor fine;
So that thou may, as in a mighty flood
Thy Garments wash into the grapie blood.
Zebulun, thou shalt still a dweller be
In pleasant places situate by the Sea,
So that by Shipping thou mayst have commerce
With other Nations who of Ware are scarce:
Thy Borders also I will so extend,
That they in length shall come to *Zidon*'s end.
Son *Issachar*, I know thine inclination
Is such, that thou desir'st a quiet station,
Free from command, and still will bowing be
Thy back to all the burthens laid on thee.

Dan,

Dan, as an Adder or a Serpent ſlie
Thou to thine En'mies evermore ſhalt be,
And ſubt'ly ſhall all of them overthrow,
If not their Head, I'm ſure thou'lt ſting below,
And now, O Lord, ſince well I know this Boy
Shall en'mies have that will him much annoy,
Do thou aſſiſt him in's extremity,
That at the laſt he may victo'rous be.
Gad, much affliction doth on thee attend,
Yet all thoſe Troops thou'lt conquer in the end.
Aſher, Earths fulneſs ſhall be thy Lot,
Affording Royal Dainties and what not.
Naphthali, on both parts thou dextrous are,
Lover of Peace, and yet can follow War.
Joſeph, thou as a fruitful Bough ſhalt be,
Set by a Wall, thy Grapes ſhall multiply,
And Branches by the Suns reflections ſhall
Grow to ſuch height as ſhall ſurmount a Wall.
Though Brethren, *Jempſar*, *Potiphar*, all three
Thy life did ſeek, and Arrows ſhot at thee,
Yet God, thy God thy Bow kept in ſuch ſtrength,
That ſpight of all, thou did'ſt o'recome at length,
And made the Shepherd to his *Iſra'l*-flock
So that thou was to them both Staff and Rock.
From God, thy Fathers God thou ſhalt receive
All things ſoever thou deſir'ſt to have.
Is't pleaſant Seaſons? this the mighty hand
Will grant to thee, do but the ſame demand.

Is't liquid Fountains? Fowls that flying be,
Or Fishes? Call, 'tis he commands the Sea.
Is't food or clothing? Beasts on every hill
Are his; I know thou'lt have them at thy will.
Or is it Children? Do but them desire,
He'll grant so many shall make thee admire:
Thy Grandsires blessing, *Isaac*'s, mine, all three
While hills endure shall ever bide with thee;
And on his head they ever shall remain,
Whom cruel brethren thought once to have slain.
Benjamin, thou shalt still a Warriour be,
And ever have thy sword upon thy thigh,
To kill and rob, and to divide the spoil,
Thou shalt be bent, and think of it no toil.
Here have you *Jacobs* sons all numbered;
Here have ye all that he unto them said.
Here all the blessings he before his death
In his last Legacy did to them bequeath;
Here is the charge that he unto them gave
Concerning's burial in the *Hittite*'s Cave,
Which *Abra'm* bought in *Ephrons* field to be
A burial-place for his posterity.
Here was he buried and his *Sarah* dear:
Rebecca 'nd *Isaac* were interred here.
Here *Leah* also laid into this field,
For which *Abra'm* did five score pieces yield
Unto the sons of *Heth*, who were right loath
It to receive, till he had sworn an Oath,

That

That of them he would not take it for nought,
They do agree, the Cave is ſold and bought.
Ah! I have ſpoke too long, my Spirits fail,
Said *Jacob*, ſee my Face and Hands grow pale.
This ſcarce was utter'd when his Heart had loſt
Its faculties, and he gives up the Ghoſt.
When *Joſeph* ſaw the death of's aged Sire,
His filial love the Brethren all admire,
Who ſaid, thou'rt gone, and I am left alone,
Oh! thou art gone, I cannot chuſe but moan.
Oh! thou art gone, my only Father dear.
Oh! thou being gone, what comfort have I here?
At this the tears ſo ruſhed from his Eyes,
That no by-ſtander could withhold their cryes;
For he his pale Face kiſs'd and cry'd aloud
To the Phyſitians who about him ſtood,
Come take this Body, take it out from me,
Embalme it well, let nothing wanting be.
This his command they willingly embrace,
Taking his Father from before his Face,
And ſweeteſt ſmelling Spices do prepare,
For this laſt Rite, he had enough to ſpare.
They never reſted for ſix Weeks a day
His Corps to dreſs e'r he was ta'ne away.
Is this all? No, a Winder greater far,
The Outlaw Heathen for him Mourners are
Nine Weeks of Dayes; which ended, *Joſeph* takes
His Fellow-Rulers by, and to them ſpeaks,

You know in *Egypt* 'tis a ſtrict Decree
That none in Mourning may with *Pharaoh* be;
Nor any conference in this poſture have
With him, for which I earneſtly do crave
That you would go and make the King acquaint
That my old Father, while his pulſe was faint,
Commanded me to ſwear a ſolemn Oath
(Should I it break, I think he will be loath.)
That I ſhould bury 'm in his Fathers Grave,
Pray bid him grant it, this is all I crave.
And if he fear that I will not come back,
He may my Sons of me for Pledges take.
Thus leaving *Joſeph*, all of them depart,
Who waiteth their return with grieved heart.
No ſooner had they told the King his caſe,
Than he with ſighing anſwered, Alaſs!
Is *Jacob* dead, my Father-Rulers Father?
And ſhall I hinder? Nay, I'le further rather.
Make all the haſte he can, then come to me,
Till his return I ſhall not quiet be.
When *Joſeph* heard the Kings benevolence,
He thank'd the Rulers and departed thence.
Then called all his Servants and his Kindred,
Who come unto him, none of them is hindred:
The Kings own Servants and the Rulers be
In readineſs the Corps to 'companie.
Then *Joſeph* doth this Funeral Journey take
With more than Thouſands armed at his back.

E'r

E'r *Titan* rose from out his watry Bed,
Or with his spangled Traces overspread
The spacious Azure, Chariots make a noise,
At which the prancing Horses all rejoyce;
Coach-men drive hard, so that e'r it was nigh
Sun-setting next, *Canaan* they espy.
To't yet, said *Joseph*, here we will not rest,
But will to *Atad*, where we shall have best
Accommodation for our numerous Train;
I know the place, it is a spacious Plain
Well hedg'd in; there we may safely lie
Until the rest we for the Funeral buy.
This was concluded, and o'r *Jordan* they
Came, to the place of their appointed stay;
Where 'lighting down, their Mourners so cry'd out
For full seven days, that all were round about
Came running for to see what it might be
Made all these strangers weep so bitterly,
Whose sympathy admir'd the place they call
Abel-mizraim unto Ages all.
This Ceremony ended, they the Vow
Perform, made to their Father while below,
And buri'd him in his Grand-sires Cave;
This was the last thing he did of them crave.
Now *Joseph* to his *Pharaoh* doth return,
Who for his absence never ceas'd to mourn.
Thou'rt welcome *Joseph*, said the Egyptian King,
What news dost thou to me from *Canaan* bring?

All

All good my Lord, with which he made a bow;
But, Ah! I fear I've ſtayd too long from you.
No, no, I'm glad again to ſee thy face,
Said he, for ſtill thou ſhalt with me find grace.
By this time's Brethrens hearts began to burn,
Thinking that he ſoon after his return
Would them afflict for their long cover'd crime,
Which to prevent, a Meſſenger in time
They ſend to *Joſeph*, who this meſſage bore;
Our, and thy Father who is now in glore,
Commanded us thy Pardon for to crave,
Though we deſerved other things to have
For our outragious ſpite and crueltie,
Which we contriv'd againſt thee, guiltleſs thee,
By ſeeking of thy ſpotleſs blood to ſpill,
Whileſt thou our good foretold, and not our ill.
The hearing this his tender ſoul did ſmart,
Whoſe watry Eyes it witneſſed in part:
What? What? ſaid he, and do they me miſtruſt
As ſoon as I my Father in the duſt
Have laid? No, no, Dear Hearts, they need not fear,
I will to them a great affection bear;
Were I vindictive, yet that would not do,
That God is ſtrong who ſtill preſerveth you.
You will'd indeed revenge upon my blood,
Yet all your malice turned to my good.
'Twas not your aim when you poor *Joſeph* ſold,
That he 'mong *Egypts* Worthies ſhould be roll'd:

No

No, no, 'mong Slaves; in this ye all combin'd,
But my good God had better things design'd,
Your preſervation, though ye made a prey
Of me to Merchants, as you ſee this day,
Wherefore take courage, I will you preſerve,
Your guilt I'le pardon, and with food I'le ſerve
You and your Flocks according to your mind,
Am I not *Joſeph*, can I be but kind?
Haſte, haſte my *Muſe*, now thou muſt make an end,
That Pearl of price whom God did hither ſend,
Hath now ten Winters and 100 ſeen,
As many Summers, of which he hath been
Fourſcore and ſev'n in the Egyptian Land,
Alway's upholden by th' Almighties hand.
And now he ſees of his own procreation
In his laſt days a treble generation.
Then finding's vital Sp'rits begin to fail,
And Death enſuing, who would take no Bail,
He calls his Brethren as his Father did,
And then unfolds a Myſtery lay hid
Concerning their departure to the place
Promis'd to *Abram* and his following race,
And doth deſire that all of them might ſwear
That they to *Canaan* ſhall his Body bear
When dead, and lay him in his Fathers Grave,
Which they might find into the *Hittits* cave.
Here *Joſeph* dies, being of a good old Age.
Here *Joſeph* dies a chaſte and holy Sage.

Here

Here *Joseph* leaves his *Pharaoh* and departs,
Here *Joseph* leaves his Friends with grieved hearts,
Here with him dies all *Jacobs* Off-springs glory,
In *Egypt*, and the Period of his Story.

FINIS.